

A wonderfull example of Gods Justice shewed upon Jasper  
Conningham, a Gentleman born in Scotland, who was of opinion,  
That there was neither God, nor Divil, nor Heaven, nor Hell.  
To the Tune of, O Neighbour Robert.



I was a Scotchman,  
a Scotchman lewd of life,  
That long had lived  
unlawfull from his wife  
His name was Jasper Conningham,  
as I did understand,  
whose dwelling was in Aberdene,  
a town in fair Scotland.

We had a sister  
which was both fair and bright,  
Whom I worshipfully wooed  
unto a lawful knight;  
Godly wise and virtuous  
in every thing was she,  
A fairer comely Lady  
in Scotland could not be.

Her witch'd brother  
such inward pains did prove,  
That with his fair sister  
he greatly falls in love:  
He watches time, he wooes her,  
he speaks to her his mind;  
And still he says sweet sister  
be not to me unkind.

This comely Lady  
in mild and gentle wise,  
Unto her brother  
thus modestly replies:  
The Lord forbid dear brother  
I should consent at all,  
To such a damned action,  
to bring our souls in thrall.

Is not great torment  
prepared for hateful sin,  
Is not God as righteous,  
as ever he hath been?  
Is not hell prepared  
with quenchless flames of fire,  
To give such wicked persons  
their due deserved hire.

Wherefore dear brother,  
repent and call for grace,  
Let not these motions  
within your heart take place;  
Consider unto judgment  
we shall one day be brought;  
To answer for the follies  
that in this life are wrought.

Her brother hearing  
her godly Christian talk  
Within the garden  
as they alone did walk,  
Blasphemously replied  
as shameless as he stood,  
Saying he had declar'd,  
a tale of Robin Hood.

You are deceived  
fair sister then said he,  
To talk of Heavens glory,  
or hell's plagues to me:  
These are devised fables;  
to keep poor fools in fear,  
That were by wisemen written:  
though no such things there were.

You speak of a reckoning,  
and of a judgment day,  
And after life is ended,  
and flesh consumed away:  
And of a God most justly,  
will plague all things a while,  
And those that believe it,  
are much deceived I wile.

Alas he said my sister,  
these things are nothing so;  
No God nor Devil is bidding,  
in Heaven or Hell I know:  
All things are wrought by nature,  
the Earth, the Air, and Fire,  
There is no joy nor sorrow,  
after that man do die.

Wherefore let me have pleasure  
while here I do remain,  
I fear not God's displeasure,  
nor hell's tormenting pain:  
No sooner had he spoken,  
this foul blasphemous thing,  
But that a heavy judgment,  
upon him God did bring.

For in the garden  
whereas he did abide,  
Suddenly a fire,  
sprang up on every side:  
Which round about him  
his damnable words  
The road's end  
but could not

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Suddenly a fire,  
sprang up on every side:  
Which round about inclosed  
his damnable wicked life;  
The roard of hell was made,  
but could not be seen.



## The second part to the same tune.



**T**his fearful fire  
up to his knees did rise,  
Burning blew like brimstone,  
in most outrageous wise:  
The Lady which beheld it,  
ran crying in for aid,  
To pluck away her brother,  
which in the fire staid.

But nought prebail'd,  
for ought what they could do,  
Long staves and also pitchforks  
they reached him unto  
Because they durst not venture  
near to the fiery flame:  
He taking hold upon them,  
to draw him out of the same.

But not a finger  
nor hand that he could move,  
His armes hung dead behind him,  
great paines that he did prove:  
And now he bane and curses  
the day that he was born:  
And wishes that his carcase,  
by Devils might be torn.

Now fel I surely  
quoth he there is a God,  
That sore doth plague me,  
with his strong Iron Rod:  
O hide me from his presence,  
his looks are deare to me.  
Nothing but wrath and vengeance  
about him I do see.

I have despised him,  
but can no whit repent,

My heart is hardened,  
my mind cannot relate;  
No pity nor compassion:  
nor mercy is in state:  
For me vile wretched creature,  
despised for ever more.

I am in hell tormented,  
and to endless pain:  
Look how the Devil torments me,  
in stretching every vein:  
Look how they swarme about me,  
O what Hell-fiends are these.  
Woe worth the time that ever,  
I did the Lord displease.

I burn in flaming fire,  
yet do no whit consume,  
My conscience doth torment me,  
that did in sin presume:  
Alas my loving sister,  
now do I know full well,  
There is a God most righteous,  
and eke a Devil in Hell.

And with these speeches,  
his eyes fell from his head:  
And by the strings hung dangling,  
below his chin stark dead:  
So how the Devil then he said  
have pluckt my eyes out quite:  
That alwaies were unquoth:  
to bieto the heavens light.

Then from his mouth there fell,  
his foull blasphemous tongue:  
In ugly manner,  
most piteously it hung.

And there away it rotted  
in all the peoples sight;  
By lice and filthie beetles,  
he was consumed quite.

With gasp groaning,  
and shrieks that sounded high,  
Two hours after  
this cursed man did lie;  
And there at length he died,  
and then the fire ceased:  
His carcase stank more filthy  
then any carrion beast.

No man was able,  
for to endure the smell:  
Nor yet come to bury him  
as true report doth tell:  
Untill he was consumed,  
he lay above the ground,  
The dogs about the Garden,  
therefore was locked round.

Let all blasphemers,  
take warning by this thing,  
Least that Gods vengeance,  
they do upon them bring:  
And Lord grant all Christians,  
thy grace and holy fear,  
They may think on the punishment  
that Conningham had here.

FINIS.

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